



SMILES



"How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one for yourself?"
"Cause there was a worm in it."
Ally Slopier.

Love's Labor Wasted.

Lon, long, he strove to gain the height
And thereby win her heart.
Then turned, poor victim, that he might
Have had her at the start.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Got a Bargain.

Grace—I wonder how Bertha ever came to marry Fred?
Imogene—You see, he looked so cheap when he proposed, so I'm told, Bertha thought he was a bargain.
—Boston Transcript.

Foolish Girl.

"I wish," she sighed, "that I could see myself as others see me."
"Gracious," replied her fond friend, "why aren't you satisfied to let well enough alone?"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A PRIZE WINNER.



"So you expect that hawk to take a prize at the county fair, hey? I've seen lots fatter hawks than that one."
"Mebbe ye hev; but ye never seen a dirtier one."
—Chicago American.

After Marriage.

Wonderful how love conceals
Grows from day to day!
Once he called her "Angel Eyes"—
Now he calls her "Say!"
—San Francisco Bulletin.

Quick Harvest.

In parts of Norway and Sweden, where, during the summer, there is almost continuous daylight, only some six to eight weeks' interval elapses between the sowing of barley and the harvest time.

Well Informed.

Mrs. Knicker—Is Mr. Amos a well-informed woman?
Mrs. Bocker—Yes, indeed; her cook has lived with all the other families in the neighborhood.—Tit-Bits.

A Calm Assumption.

To-day no credit comes to you
For being noble, wise or great;
The advertiser says it's due
Entirely to the foods you ate.
—Washington Star.

ONE OR THE OTHER.



"Oh, Mabel, I smell benzine! You've either been cleaning your gloves or out riding in Charley Jollie's new automobile."
—Chicago Tribune.

The Train's Fault.

"Confound the railroad!" exclaimed Subbubs, as he entered the office an hour late and took off his coat.
"Train late again, I suppose?" asked Townley.
"Not at all. For the first time in six months the measly thing was on time and, of course, I missed it."
—Town Topics.

As an Absentee.

"They eloped in an 'auto,' but her father caught them."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, he followed on foot."
—Puck.

To Pass in a Crowd.

Podunk Citizen—So you're going to the city to see the sights, air yeh, like?
Ike—Yep.
Citizen—Wall, wear them Sunday clothes that don't fit; leave y'r hall stringin' around same as now; turn up y'r pants at th' bottom; take my ole cane an' carry it upside down, an' no one will ever suspect you come from the country.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Injuries Enumerated.

Casey—Shure, they do be tellin' me that Big Moike Monohan was knocked down by an automobile yesterday—wor there any bones broke, I dunno?
Conley—Troth, an' there wor; th' owner av th' devil wagon got his nose broke, th' chawfer got his jaw broke, an' Big Moike broke th' second knuckle av his right fist!—Puck.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.



Teacher—Now this will hurt me more than it will you.
Willie—Den let me do de wallop in.—N. Y. Times

Optical Illusion.

A maid got a speck in her eye,
And at once proceeded to crye.
"Dear," said Jack, "I've no doubt
I can kiss the thing out."
"All right," sobbed the maid. "You may trye."
—Chicago Tribune.

Not Yet.

"They're saying you're just like all the other members of the house," remarked the newly elected legislator's close friend. "They say you have your price."
"That's a lie," declared the new member.
"I thought so."
"Yes, I haven't got it yet, but I have hopes."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Change.

Her headgear now is strangely great;
It tilts and veers in mad delight.
She queries, "Is may hat on straight—
For if it is isn't right!"
—Washington Star.

PROOF ON THE FACE OF IT.



Ferdie—I'd like women better if they weren't so fond of always contradicting.
Pauline—But they're not.—N. Y. Sun.

The New Psalm of Life.

Words of rich men oft remind us
Dying wealthy is a crime;
So the trusts in mercy grind us,
And we die without a dime.
—Town Topics.

A Paternal Beast.

Teacher—Tell me the name of the animal which provides food and raiment for the Laplanders.
Tommy—The reindeer.
Teacher—Now what is the animal which provides you with most of your food and clothes?
Tommy—Father!—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

As He Called It.

"So you don't mind my piano-playing, Mr. Skorcher?" remarked Miss Neddore.
"Not at all," replied Skorcher. "I like it best when you're coasting."
"When I'm coasting?"
"Yes, when you keep your feet off the pedals."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

No Harm Done.

"It must hurt a man's credit to wipe out his debts by going through bankruptcy."
"Oh, it may in some cases, but the wise man doesn't go through bankruptcy until he has worked his credit to the limit."
—Chicago Post.

Hard Conditions.

"Don't yez open yer mouth," Flanagan, or O'll bate yer head aff, an' if yez kape sittin' there t'inkin' evil t'oughts av me an' sayin' niver a wurrd, it's a uppercut in th' jaw O'll let yez hov."
—N. Y. Times.

THE ESTHETIC GIRL.

Thought the Postal Authorities
Should Issue Hand-Painted
Stamps.

The esthetic girl frowned as she took the letter a maid brought in, and after she had run over its contents and returned the sheets to their envelope her delicate brows contracted again. She looked fixedly at the envelope and murmured: "It really is time something was done about it."

"I hope you've had no bad news," ventured a sympathetic friend, relates the Brooklyn Eagle.

"No; I was just reminded of something. Do you remember that dreadful bazaar fire in Paris, some years ago? I happened to be in the city at the time. The bodies of the victims were carried to the Champs de Mars the morning after the fire. As I stood in the immense crowd outside, watching the relatives and friends enter to identify the victims, two elaborately dressed women went in past the guarded entrance. One of them wore a bright red hat and lifted her skirt unnecessarily high over a scarlet silk petticoat. 'Hem!' ironically ejaculated a brawny peasant woman at my elbow, 'Mais voila des toilettes pour visiter les morts!'"

"They certainly weren't appropriate toilets to visit the dead in," assented the sympathetic friend, "but is there any connection between the fact and that letter of yours?"

The esthetic girl rearranged the folds of her tobacco brown gown, which exactly matched her hair, and adjusted the string of amber beads about her neck before she replied:

"Well, this letter is just as absurd in its way as that woman in a red hat at the scene of mourning. Doesn't it jar on your artistic sense to see that broad black-banded envelope with a bright red stamp in one corner? It's an insult to the esthetic taste of the nation for the government to force us to such atrocities."

"Now, what I would suggest is that the postal authorities should issue mourning stamps. They might be of appropriate design, urns and weeping willows and that sort of thing, or even those everlasting old fathers of the country done in black would be some improvement."

"Do you know I've given up using mauve stationery because it was so expensive. Doesn't cost more than other colors. No, but the stamps do. Of course, I couldn't dream of putting a horrid red stamp on a heliotrope envelope, so I had to buy three-cent stamps. They matched beautifully."

"Think what a joy it would be if, instead of buying those odious little red oblongs, one could get postage stamps in assorted colors, beautifully tinted. The idea opens out limitless possibilities, too, in the way of suitable designs for different occasions. There might even be expensive hand-painted stamps for aristocrats who dislike to use what the common herd does. And the lover should be able to send the beloved object letters stamped with hearts and cupid's."

The sympathetic friend thought the scheme "just lovely," and the esthetic girl went on rapturously:

"Don't you believe we women could start a petition (that seems to be the way they do things nowadays) and send it to the president! We'd call it the modern stamp act; nothing to do with stupid tea as in the old days, but purely for art's sake. You know the stamps could be made an art education for the masses. I declare I'll agitate the matter at the next meeting of the A. A.'s—Artistic Advancement Club."

KISSING CHILDREN.

Something Parents Should Discontinue Even Among Their Most Intimate Friends.

The published statement of the celebrated scientist, Dr. Fere, on the neuropathic dangers which may lie in a kiss has created wide and deep interest. Dr. Fere observes that some children manifest a strong, even violent objection to being kissed by certain people whom they otherwise love and revere, says a Paris report.

He mentions the case of a young woman who loves and adores her mother, yet from childhood resented being kissed by her, and this feeling has only grown stronger with the years, the lady in question being now 34 years of age. There are other cases where a kiss forced upon resenting children has had terrible results, terminating in lifelong illness or serious mental disturbances.

In the light of these observations Dr. Fere says parents should cease compelling their children to kiss or to receive kisses where they show an earnest, not merely whimsical, objection. For instance, a girl of 12 years, who always objects to kisses, was one day suddenly taken up by a relative and kissed. The girl turned white as chalk, shrieked loudly, fell back in a swoon, then was shaken by terrible convulsions and again swooned for about half an hour. These attacks returned every fortnight. They have now disappeared, but the girl is still subject to frequent swoonings.

Victory.

Let us wipe our tears, lift up our heads and give ourselves to brave and cheerful toil. In due time the release will come; rest so sweet after the toil is over; glory so bright after the darkness is passed; victory so grand that we shall not wish the conflicts to have been less fierce, or the perils of the day less numerous or painful.—Detroit Post.

How He Learned Them.

"Did it take you long to learn the ropes?" was asked the pugilist.
"Naw," he answered, "I wuz knocked troo'em de fust fight I had."
—Indianapolis Journal.

ALLIGATOR IN QUEER HAUNT.

Curiously-Shaped Reptile Caught in Missouri Mud Pond Puzzles State Naturalists.

A three-foot alligator found in a mud pond, near the Washburn railroad tracks, in Columbia, Mo., a few days ago is puzzling the zoological associates of Missouri university. The alligator was discovered by Fred Dawson, of Columbia, in a small pond formed by recent rains. The reptile reared its head near the bank and Dawson shot it with a revolver. He secured the specimen and gave it to the zoological laboratory of the Missouri university.

The story was not believed at first, as it was thought that an alligator could not have survived the climate of so northern a region as Missouri, but when the curiosity was exhibited at the state university all doubts were removed. It has been found that the reptile is of abnormal anatomy, it has strangely developed vertebrae, entirely too large and out of proportion with the fleshy parts of the body, and is deformed in other ways, though to all outward appearances it does not differ from other reptiles of the kind. There is no doubt as to the species, but the reptile is so peculiarly formed that the university authorities are of opinion that they have a rare curiosity of unusual scientific importance. A number of offers have been received from curiosity seekers, but the specimen will be retained as the property of the university.

GIRL HAS ROMANTIC CAREER.

Missouri Maid Marries a Negro, Goes to the Madhouse, Then Becomes a Belle.

The story of Miss Mary Gordon is one of the most romantic that has ever come to light, and it is probable that no other school girl in this country has had so many vicissitudes as this talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Liston Gordon, of Chillicothe, Mo.

It is not 30 months since Mary was the wife of a negro and was flying over Kansas, Missouri and Iowa with him, trying to escape from her father, declaring that she would never forsake her black husband; that she loved him, and that she herself had negro blood in her veins.

It is not 30 months since Mary was arrested and declared insane and sent to an asylum as the result of her strange infatuation for her negro husband. From the madhouse she went to a St. Louis academy, and from there she has graduated, to return to her home in Chillicothe and to become one of the belles of the northern Missouri town.

Now she has forgotten her negro husband and her mind is a complete blank prior to the time she was pronounced cured at the asylum.

SAVES THE WOMAN'S SIGHT.

Frog's Skin Grafted on a Wound Prevents Total Blindness and Patient Recovers.

A delicate operation has just been performed in the Massachusetts homeopathic hospital, at Boston, whereby a woman was saved from total blindness.

Frog skin was grafted around her eye, where the flesh is most sensitive, and the process was attended with great danger.

The flesh about the eye had become bruised and the skin became affected. Both to save the eyesight and to prevent the socket from having a bald, hideous appearance the graft had to be made. Frog skin was used because no human skin was available. Grafts from the white skin of a frog were taken and applied to the eye.

The patient has fully recovered. The natural skin and frog skin have coalesced so as to be indistinguishable the one from the other.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Oct. 3.		
CATTLE—Common	\$2.00	@ 2 75
CALVES—Extra	6 25	@ 6 75
Heavy steers	4 25	@ 4 75
CALVES—Extra	6 25	@ 6 50
HOGS—Ch. packers	6 15	@ 6 20
Mixed packers	6 00	@ 6 15
SHEEP—Extra	3 35	@ 3 40
LAMBS—Extra	5 50	@ 5 60
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 50	@ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 86
No. 3 winter		@ 83 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 48
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 38 1/2
RYE—No. 2		@ 62 1/2
HAY—New timothy.		@ 13 50
PORK—Clear family.		@ 13 65
LARD—Steam		@ 7 50
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@ 12 1/2
Choice creamery		@ 23 1/2
APPLES—Fancy	2 50	@ 2 75
POTATOES—Per bbl	2 00	@ 2 25
TOBACCO—New	3 50	@ 9 00
Old	5 50	@ 13 00

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Winter pat.	3 90	@ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	77 1/2	@ 78 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	35 1/2	@ 37
RYE—No. 2		@ 53
PORK—Mess	11 25	@ 11 50
LARD—Steam	7 62 1/2	@ 7 65

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. str's.	3 75	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 84 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 41 1/2
RYE—Western		@ 61 1/2
PORK—Mess	13 75	@ 14 50
LARD—Steam		@ 8 25

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	80 1/2	@ 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	51	@ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 40 1/2
CATTLE—Steers		@ 5 00
HOGS—Western	7 00	@ 7 10

Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 85
CORN—No. 3 mixed.		@ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 38
PORK—Mess		@ 14 00
LARD—Steam		@ 8 75

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 49
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 37

Needed a Knife.

Prof. George Lincoln Burr, of Cornell, who lately toured New England on his bicycle in order to gather facts about witchcraft, is an authority on the history of superstition and persecution, and is also an indefatigable wheelman. Prof. Burr, with his bicycle, has penetrated many primitive and secluded parts of the United States.

From these journeys, says an eastern exchange, he returns with little stories that are now quaint, now strange, now humorous. A story of the latter sort concerns a visit to Tennessee.

"I arrived one night at a mountaineer's cabin," said the professor, "and asked for shelter for the night. The good people were very hospitable. They gave me a comfortable bed and an excellent meal."

"While I was eating the meal my host watched me narrowly to see that I had everything I wanted. He kept ordering his wife to hit my glass, to bring me more bread, and so forth. Finally, when I began to eat a piece of apple pie, he exclaimed in an indignant tone:

"Jane, why don't you bring the gentleman a knife? Don't you see him here tryin' to eat his pie with a fork?"

Mighty Mad Woman.

A cable train was scooting down State street as fast as the wire could drag it. The gripman was rattling off "Hiawatha" on the gong, and just ahead a woman, who was almost as broad as she was tall, had preempted the track.

The gripman released the hold on the cable and switched from "Hiawatha" to a break-down jig, but the woman never stirred. The next instant the street car "jumped" the preempted claim in the street, and 250 pounds of mighty mad woman was taking a ride on the fender. The gripman stopped the cable train, leaped over the dashboard of the car, and expected to find a dead woman. But she wasn't dead.

Indeed, she was sitting there adjusting her hat. When she caught sight of the gripman she ground her teeth together, leaned forward, shook her fist at him, and said: "Blame you, anyhow!" A minute later she was up and away without saying another word.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Well-Grounded Fear.

Leading Lady—Why didn't you put my flowers on the stage?
Stage Manager—I was afraid they might be lost-bitten.—Detroit Free Press.

Stops the Cough.

And works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

He—"And at last they agreed to marry." She—"Yes, and it was the last thing they agreed on."—Denver Republican.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

When a man's sunstroke he faints, but when he's moonstruck he proposes.—Chicago Tribune.

Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

If all our desires were granted our delights would be gone.—Ran's Horn.

Economy is the road to wealth. Putnam Fadeless Dye is the road to economy.

A bird in the hand is not so musical as one in the tree.—Puck.

ALL TIRED OUT.

The weary, worn-out, all-tired feeble come to everybody who takes the kidneys. When the kidneys are over-worked they fail to perform the duties nature has provided for them to do. When the kidneys fail dangerous diseases quickly follow. Urinary disorders, diabetes, dropsy, rheumatism, Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney and bladder ills. Read the following case:

Veteran Joshua Heller, 706 South Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after getting Doan's Kidney Pills at Cunningham Bros.' drug store in Champaign and taking a course of the treatment I told the readers of this paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of an attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically indorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Heller will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Medical advice free—strictly confidential. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$3 shoes.

They equal those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes. Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom. That Douglas uses Corona leather proves there is value in Douglas shoes. Corona is the highest grade Pat. Leather made. Our \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



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BROMO-SELTZER
10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE

Cure Colds

by keeping your bowels open. CASCARETS will do it without grip or gripe and drive the cold right out of you. Just as soon as you "feel like taking cold" take a CASCARET—there is NOTHING SO GOOD.

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Cascarets
WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

A sweet bit of candy medicine, purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, never grip nor gripe. A sale of over TEN MILLION boxes a year—10c, 25c, 50c—proves their great merit. Be sure you get CASCARETS, the only original, genuine Candy Cathartic.

Best for the Bowels

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250 feet elevation on Chesapeake & Ohio Ry.
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This fine brick structure is now fully completed. Has 400 rooms and 200 private baths, each room supplied with long distance phone and modern appointments. Brokers' office with direct New York wire. MAGNIFICENT BATH—HOUSE and most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, obesity and nervous troubles. FINE GOLF LINKS and NEW CLUB HOUSE with Squash Court, lounge rooms, cafe ping-pong tables, etc. Tennis courts and all outdoor amusements. Orchestra.

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